A.T.A.C.K

Angry Trannies* Against Cops and Kings

*and Dykes, Faggots, etc.

War is a Hungry God

"Peace? Ah, yes, defined as period of time to allow for preparation for the next war."

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FUCK YOUR POPPY

I **hate** seeing this symbol.

Every year they appear, sprouting on pockets up and down the country. Cheap paper ones, expensive metal ones, a rash of red that reminds us how very lucky we are to have our army.

War is a tragedy.

But you wouldn't know it from the way Remembrance Day is 'celebrated' now. An orgy of writhing politicians, desperate to bring a violent and hateful public to climax with gushing praise for 'our boys'. Turning the dead into props to assert their own capacity for 'glorious' violence.

World War One was every worst excess of the State writ large; 9.7 million soldiers dead, 10 million civilians (we don't talk about those though, do we? We talk about the trenches, the sacrifices soldiers made, we forget the greater number of civilians murdered in the conflict, no room to remember them). The same number again left maimed.

In Flanders Field is a glorification of this. It ends with the demand that we keep fighting, throwing more lives away, because the State has already murdered so many of us that we owe the dead some victory.

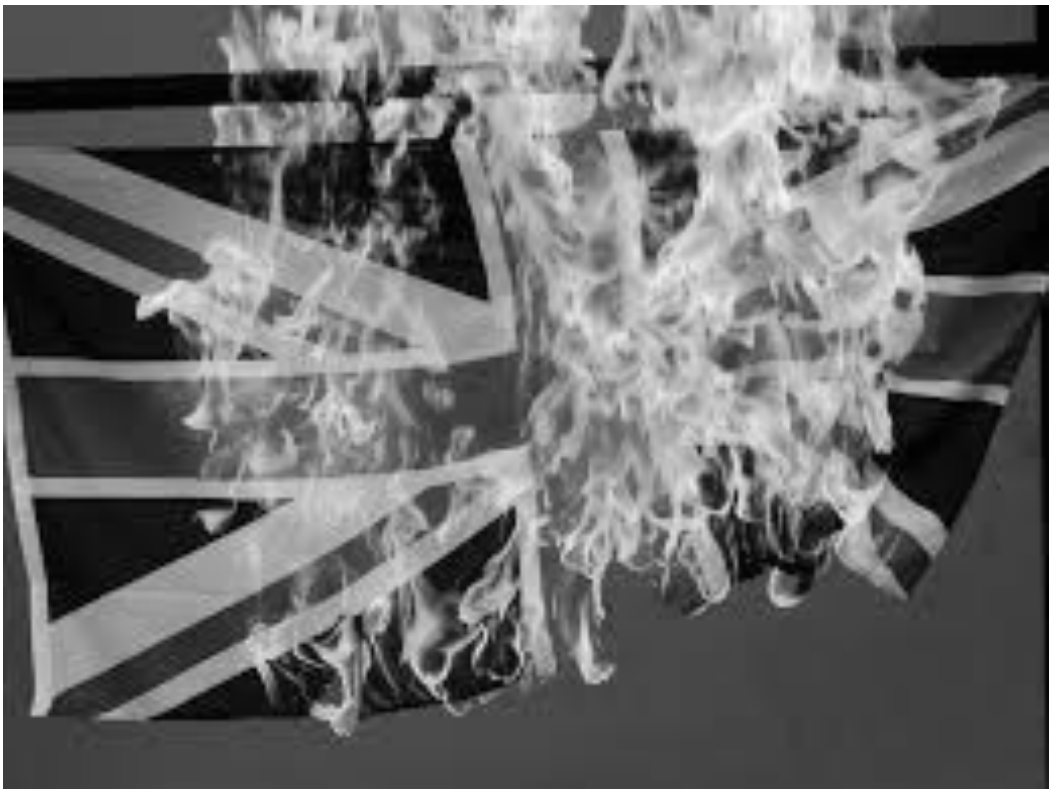
"Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

Disgusting, and not a common sentiment when people remembered the cost of war. This propaganda makes it seem noble that twenty million people became corpses and a further twenty one million suffered life changing injuries, all because of the squabbles of aristocrats excited to prove that their populace were better at slaughter than the others.

Fuck the poppy. Fuck the torch. Use it to burn Flanders' Fields.

Wilfred Owen said it best:

"If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,-
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori."



UNPERSONED

Being autistic, what I often take for granted is that other people see everyone else as, yaknow, people.

Cause I certainly do. Heck, I'm so prone to anthropomorphise things that not only do I attempt to befriend every cat and bird I meet, all my stuffed toys have names and personalities (this paragraph written next to the tenacious penguin Pepito).

And this isn't me being delusional. On a cognitive level I know they're not alive, and that animals aren't capable of complex language and thought, but on an emotional level the distinction doesn't matter. I lose nothing by treating them - and all my fellow humans - as people.

But it turns out most people don't do that.

Transphobes don't see us as people.

Tories don't see disabled people as people.

And you can't justify the treatment of Palestinians without assuming a Palestinian life is worth less than an Israeli one.

But that's the thing. Every life is equal - or should be - and yet people act so dismissive about life that aren't like their own. Sure cognitively they know that the people they dismiss as sub-human are thinking, feeling people like themselves, but where they're the inverse of people like me is that emotionally, they have no empathy at all. Deaths of Enemies or Others just do not register.

And ain't that fucking abhorrent.

I'm struggling to be angry of late.

I feel more numb.

Same cause, different outcome.

Food costs more. Health is less. Across the world people are mired in wars and famines and ecological nightmares all of our own making…

And it's numbing.

Anger feels more alive though. Anger is a fire. A fuel. Fuel for a powerful engine, to drive me.

Numbness is just a poison. It's a pit.

I don't want to be numb. To see millions die and tell myself I've seen it all before.

I know I have, but that's not the point. Every death is a tragedy, no matter how many preceded it.

So fuck it.

I'll burn this whole thing to the ground before I sink into despair.

I resolve to be really really fucking angry.

HEY!

You.

Yeah, you.

You look like you've got something to say.

Come shout it with us.

Yell any submissions to atackuk@proton.me

Or at people in the street but we can't promise to publish those.